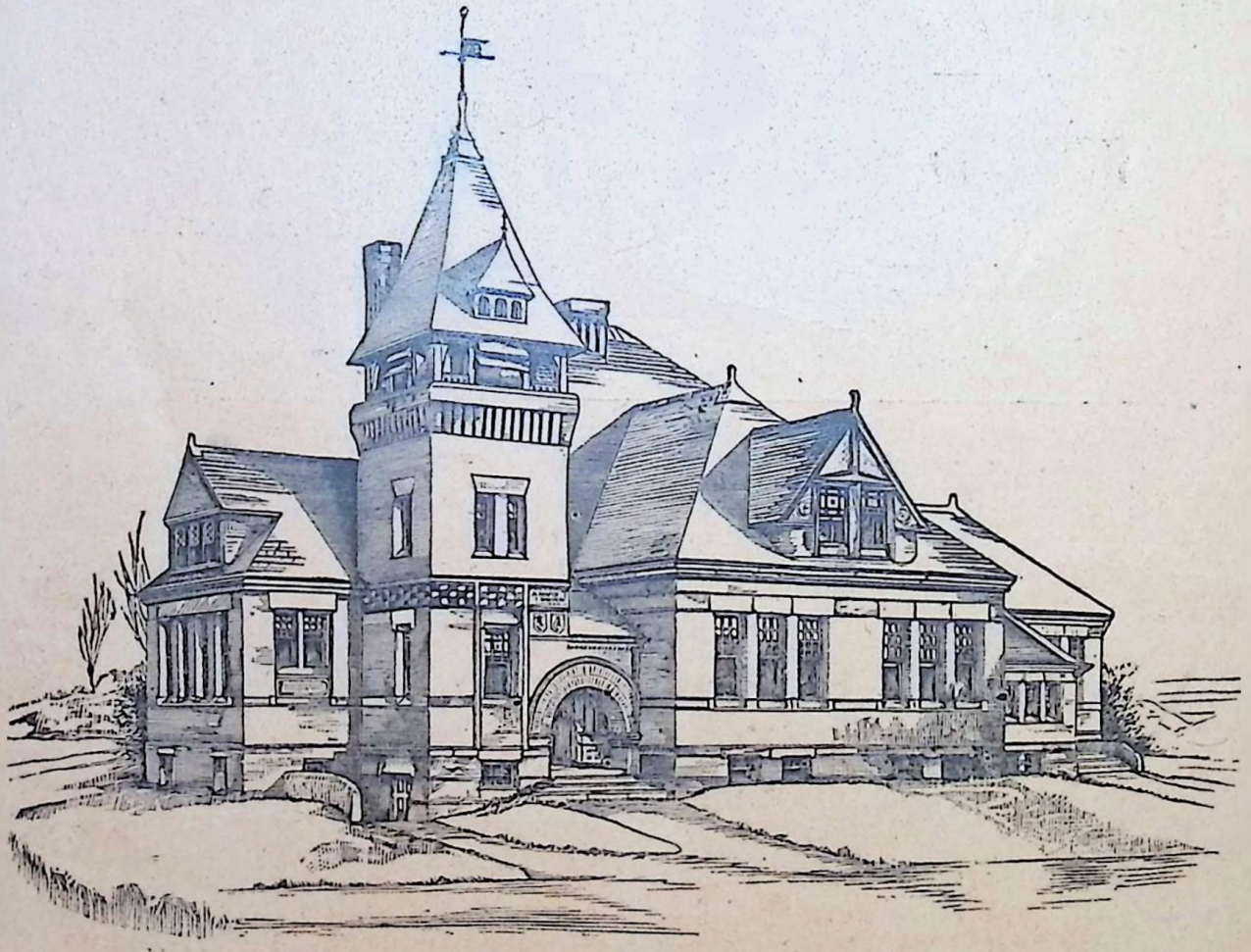
The Tripod.

VOL. IV. THORNTON ACADEMY, SACO, ME., MAY, 1891. NO. 6.



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The Tripod.

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THORNTON ACADEMY.

A LITERARY MONTHLY PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

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Editorials.

The April number was omitted on account of the vacation. There will be two numbers more, the last number containing the graduation essays and orations.

We have read the High School notes in the Times with much pleasure. Why don't some of the ambitious members of that school start a paper? It gives much good practice and pleasure to the editors. Without doubt they could bring forth a sheet better than this, our literary effort.

We beg our fourth class boys not to be disheartened at their defeat in the base ball contest. We still are proud of them.

The editors of "Our Dumb Animals" have kindly consented to send their paper for the reading room. This is an interesting paper which we hope all our pupils will read.

"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of damp, cold rooms and half-cooked food, and household cross and drear."

Every year just as spring has begun to clothe the earth with its beauty, the whole house has to be turned topsy-turvy to get rid of a few specks of dust which no eye but that of the vigilant housewife can discover.

There is something rather incongruous, among all the freshness of spring, about the spectacle of the dignified head of the family out beating a dusty carpet while the dishevelled mistress of the house stands by superintending the operation.

One of the luxuries of house-cleaning is a daily diet of dandelion greens. The table is usually rather lonesome as there is this or that little place to be cleaned before anything so unimportant as dining can be thought of.

The mistress of ceremonies is almost a monomaniac for the time being. No subject possesses the slightest interest for her except one that touches on soap and water, and she goes about with a dreamy expression, flourishing a floor-cloth or a pail of soap-suds.

All this may be very gratifying to the one most concerned, but to the patient and long-suffering family it is hardly preferable to a little dirt.

The one consideration in favor of house cleaning is its healthfulness, and that is a consideration so important that it more than balances the disadvantages.

The Origin of Arbor Day.

In a palace, tall and stately,
Looking toward the glowing west,
Lay a king, with guards surrounded
Yet his heart was not at rest.

Many years he'd ruled his people
With a firm though gentle hand;
But his time had come to leave them,
For a brighter, happier land.

Though no wars or dangers threatened,—
All was peaceful far and wide,
Yet his mind was sad and troubled,
Turbulent like a stormy tide.

And he pondered long and deeply
How he could a kind act do;
That would benefit his people,
All the future ages through.

Then he prayed with eyes uplifted,
While the twilight grew more dim;
And within his chamber floated,
Soft and, low, the evening hymn.

Afterward he had a vision,
It seemed plainer than a dream,
In it he was but a peasant,
But a beggar did he seem.

Wandering through an unknown country,
Many times he would have stayed
His footsteps at some rippling brooklet,
Or within some tall trees shade.

But he found no cooling forest,
Filled with birds and flowers rare,
Nothing green: no sparkling fountains,
And no gardens bright and fair.

No cool breezes from the ocean,
Swept the land at close of day;
All was dreary, dry and sultry,
And he fainted by the way.

When he woke, sweet joy and gladness,
Filled his soul with rare delight,
And he knew his prayer was answered,
Had found favor in God's sight.

And he saw that in the future,
When the grand old forest trees,
Had been felled in countless numbers,
All would die for want of these.

He commanded all his people
That when spring should come again,
Filling all the earth with gladness,
Bringing showers of gentle rain,

They should take a day and use it,
For the good of God and man,
Planting trees, and shrubs and flowers,
That would beautify the land.

So they strove to do his bidding,
Planted trees without delay;
Ever held his name in memory
For appointing Arbor Day.

ELLA M. NICKERSON, '92.

Arbor Day.

Arbor day exercises began at eleven o'clock with a song by the school, "Welcome to Arbor Day." The Lord's prayer was repeated by the school and then there was a response by the school chorus.

"The Origin of Arbor Day" was read by Miss Genevieve L. Marsh. This custom began in the state of Nebraska, as a barrier against the winds. It was introduced into Ohio at a school festival and since has spread not only through our own country but through England, Scotland, France and even far off South Africa. In most cases it has become a legal holiday.

Miss Arlie E. Foss read a poem by Lowell, entitled "The Oak," a poem very suitable for the occasion and well rendered.

Another song, "Like Glad Birds of Springtime," was given by the school. Then Andress S. Floyd delivered an oration on "The Importance of Agriculture." It was well delivered and deserved the hearty applause which it called forth. Miss Clara Walker read a poem "The Felled Tree," which was well read. Miss Walker is one of the best readers in the school.

Another song was given and then came a recitation "Planting the Apple Tree," by Miss Louise W. Owen who is well known in Saco as a most promising reader. The declamation "Arbor Day," by Lieut. Fred A. Lord called forth much well merited applause. Another song to the tune of the "Red, White and Blue," was sung. The pupils marched out by classes and went through the ceremony of planting the four trees. These were placed on the southwestern entrance to the T. A. grounds.

"America," sung by the school, closed the exercises.

K. F. L.

The second class in botany in drawing that dreadful pine acknowledged itself conquered. "I'm sure I just *pine* to get through with it," said one of its fair members, sighing.

The Drill.

On Friday evening, April 17, the Montgomery Guards of Portland came to Biddeford to give a drill and dance. They also offered a gold medal as a prize for the best drilled cadet in the two cities.

The Biddeford company was represented by three of its best drilled men. These boys have had guns for a long time and were well "up" in the manual.

The Saco company was represented by two cadets, who have had no guns, and borrowed those that they drilled with.

Taking these points into consideration it would seem that the Saco boys stood no chance of winning.

Sergt. Brown of Saco was the first to drill and he did finely. Next came the Biddeford boys, the best drilled of whom was Sergt. Lord. Sergt. Beatty of Saco was the last to drill, and when he came on and commenced to drill, it was seen that in him Lord would find an equal.

After Beatty finished and retired the judges found that he and Lord were tied and ordered them to come on together and try it again. They did so and as Lord made some bad mistakes the medal was awarded to Beatty, amidst great cheering.

The Saco boys were greatly elated, and they certainly had a right to be, because considering the disadvantages under which they labored, it was a great victory.

—SUMNER M. MILLIKEN, '93.

The Drill at Old Orchard.

The cadets went to the beach a few days since and gave a drill in Porter's hall.

The young ladies for some reason were not invited to accompany them, but their absence was not keenly felt as the Old Orchard girls are quite numerous and attractive.

Upon reaching the town the company fell in and gave a short drill on the street which was watched by a large number of people.

When all were seated in the hall Lieut. Lord announced that the first number was a farce by Messrs. Dean and Hanson of Saco. These young gentlemen came forth and delighted the audience with jokes and songs.

The next on the programme was club-swinging by Capt. Stacy and immediately following this, the drill which was finely executed. The remainder of the evening was passed in dancing and playing "Tucker."

Though the cadets did not make a large sum, they all declare that they had a "bang up time."

—SUMNER BROWN, '93.

T. A. Notes.

Miss Adelaide Haley has a new tricycle.

Miss Lombard of the Ferry has left school.

Miss Bowers will enter Smith college next fall.

Percy Deering, '91, is preparing for Amherst college.

There is talk of having the T. A. orchestra play at graduation.

Charles Shannon has left the T. A. orchestra on account of ill health.

Thornton Academy, has a new type-writer on trial—the "Caligraph."

Miss Prentiss has taken Miss Gertrude Lane's place in the experimental squad.

The bicyclists have made several trips to the beach. They report the roads in good condition.

Frank Winch has been taking pictures of the four classes. He is quite a successful photographer.

There have been frequent visitors this term. Some of the B. H. S. seniors have favored us with calls.

The scholars have received circulars from the Athletic Convention at Augusta. No delegates were sent.

Sumner Brown has recovered from the attack of the measles which has kept him from school for two weeks.

It has been noticed that the compositions are much longer since they have been limited to not less than one hundred and fifty words.

Miss Emery is enjoying her Safety once more. Several of the young ladies, among them Miss

Sawyer and Miss Carpenter, are learning to ride.

The experimental squad has had some excellent pictures taken at Sawtelle's. Wands, Indian clubs and dumb bells make a pretty addition to the neat costumes of the fair members of the squad.

A loggerhead shrike, one of the rarest birds in this region was shot by John L. Goodale, April 20, '91, within 150 yards of the academy. Only one other case of this bird is found in Cumberland county.

Beatty displays his badge with much pride. It is solid gold in the shape of five points radiating from a centre. On the three upper points is engraved the letters "T. A. C." Across the centre the words "Montgomery Guards" and the date. Through the upper point is a tiny chain which is attached to an oblong pin bearing the words, "First Prize, Competitive Drill." On the back of the badge is "James Beatty."

The Base Ball Contest.

The game between the fourth class base ball nine and the three upper classes took place Thursday, May 14th, the upper classes being winners. This does not imply that the 4th class are not good players but the difference in size between the boys of the two nines was great.

FLIES.

Edwin Sawyer's playing was phenomenal.

"Shannon did some fine fly-catching."

The game was witnessed by a number of the young ladies of the school during the seventh inning.

Hill was hit on the forehead by a "foul tip" while umpiring behind the bat.

Lord did some fine work on second base.

"Bach" did excellent work on first.

It was a noticeable fact that both pitchers were left-handed.

F. Leavitt did first-rate.

Johnny—"Aha! papa, now I am no more seated on the last desk."

Papa—"Bravo! Here you have your dollar. But how is it?"

Johnny—"Because they are painting the last desk.—*The Highlander.*

Our Latin Class.

Our Latin class is very wise,
I'm sure you all would say,
If you could only be with us
As a listener every day.

Our teacher looks disgusted—
It really makes her groan—
For 'tis very, very often
That we answer "scio non."

Miss Palmer likes Par-ta-tors,
And Batcheldor won't stand still.
Miss Pray could never find "tune,"
(And probably never will.)

Miss Boothby doesn't speak loudly,
We listen all in vain;
And if she doesn't her voice raise
I'm 'fraid 'twill cause her pain.

We also have a student
Who says all things are true.
The teacher won't believe it,
Don't see why not—do you?

MacIntire's translations
Are mostly "the other way,"
While Goodale as our arguer
Makes things as clear day.

Now this is but a sample
Of our Latin class so wise,
For we have many others
Who do ourselves surprise.

—T—e, '94.

Supposed Speech of a Senior.

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my head and my heart to this cause—Abolish Graduation. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aim not at graduation. But there's a divinity which shapes our ends. The tyranny of custom will drive us upon the stage; and, blinded, by her own interest, to our pleasure, she has obstinately persisted, till graduation is now beyond our control.

The strife then must go on. We must fight it through. If we fail it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The people, the people, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously through this struggle. I care not how fickle other customs have been. I know the custom of graduation. But I know that resistance to graduation is deep and settled in many hearts and cannot be eradicated. Every

class, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow if we but take the lead.

Such a proceeding will inspire the students with increased courage. Instead of long and stormy debates concerning the distribution of class parts, concerning the selection of petty trifles, concerning the reconsideration of previous decisions, set before the Senior the glorious object of entire independence and it will breathe into him anew the breath of life.

I know the uncertainty of human affairs but I see, I see clearly through this proposition. We, indeed, may not profit by it.

We may graduate, graduate slaves, slaves to custom; graduate, it may be, ignominiously, though on the stage. Be it so. Be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that society shall require the poor offering of my oration, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But whatever may be our fate be assured, be assured that this proposition will stand. It may cost struggles and it may cost time but it will stand and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present I see the brightness of the future as the sun in heaven. This last term shall be made a glorious, an immortal season. Our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with reunions and receptions. On its annual return they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy.

I believe that the time must come. My judgment approves this measure and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it. And I leave off as I began, that, live or die, survive or perish I am for this proposition. It is my living sentiment and it shall be my dying sentiment—ABOLISH GRADUATION!!!!

—XERXES.

If anyone but M., '92. had told us that the dregs of a barrel of beer remained on top, we might have suspected that the barrel had been tapped recently.

Make Hay While the Sun Shines.

The ingenuity of man has studied many means of making hay, but no substitute has yet been found for the good old fashioned way of making hay when the sun shines.

This sentence taken for our subject has come to be the popular maxim to teach us to improve our opportunities.

All persons sometimes in their lives have had a desire to attain some great object. They have not as yet reached the mark upon which they have fixed their eye, either from want of opportunity, or opportunity not improved. The first way opened to them was not such a one as they wished for and they passed it by.

A person in a perilous position seeing only one chance of life does not question whether some other means would be more to his liking, but seizes the opportunity of escape.

On the wild coast of Britian are rugged cliffs overhanging the ocean. The people gain a livelihood by gathering the eggs of the rock-birds. A rope is fastened above and by this means they lower themselves to the ledge of the rock. A man once found a rock overhanging so much that he could only gain a footing by swinging himself to and fro. He succeeded; but, in so doing he lost the rope and realizing that each vibration left it further away, and the danger greater, he sprang from the recess of the rock, caught the rope and was saved.

How many have failed to right a wrong, or to seek forgiveness for an injury they have done, and the neglect has wrecked their fortunes. Their time came, they paused, they lost. With the thousand attractions of this hurrying age, the student must be on the alert as were the ancients who said, "Opportunity is bald on the back of the head and if you would capture her you must seize her by the forelock."

A poor man watched the gate of Paradise for a thousand years, and while he was taking one little nap it opened and closed again. As the keeper opened the gate that led to the desired goal and found the man asleep at his post with unpitying eyes he turned away, so opportunity opens and closes the gates of life—closes them to the sluggard while the diligent "in the nick"

of time pass through the gate to the joys beyond.

"The golden opportunity is never offered twice;
seize then the hour,
While fortune smiles and duty points the way,
Nor shrink aside to 'scape the sceptre fear
Nor pause though pleasure beckon from her bower;
But bravely bear thee onward to the goal."

—P. S. E.

Use of the Flowers.

It is spring again. Already the tender blades and leaves have begun to burst the bonds that have so long held them prisoners. These are but the fore-runners of the bright and beautiful flowers that will be seen in the form of a tiny bud, which nursed by mother earth, warmed by the sun and watered by the showers will blossom out into the fairest symbols of the love of our Heavenly Father. Some may say that flowers have no use except to please the eye. But every flower if rightly interpreted contains a hidden lesson that we may find if we seek it. Many flowers teach us perseverance, for what but perseverance could make a flower bloom among a pile of stones or in some little cranny in the wall.

The crocus and arbutus, our earliest spring flowers, teach us courage by pressing their way upward through the snow to look into the face of their father Sol. The violets soon follow and by uplifting their pure and innocent faces teach us simplicity. Next the dandelion, turning its bright face upward to catch some of the warmth and mirth of the sun, seems to enjoy making every field and roadside into a garden of beauty. Then the roses and all the brilliant colored summer flowers follow, each bearing with it as it breaks the small green bands that confine it, some simple lesson of perseverance, love or cheerfulness.

They may be used to cheer the sick, to beautify our homes and our school rooms. For personal adornment there is nothing more beautiful than natural flowers.

Let us therefore when we have opportunity learn to look for the usefulness of the flowers that surround us, and not cast them by as if they were only toys of nature, hardly worth our notice.

Z.

Pickerel.

About half a mile below Hollis, there empties into the Saco river one of the most unromantic little streams one could imagine. It is sometimes very muddy and dirty, and at all times marshy, reedy and unhealthy; disagreeable walking, and disappointing to the artist who has come for fine scenery; as well as, at first sight, to the novice who has been told to go there for pickerel. One boy went there fishing, and, when he saw the brook, came away swearing at the stupidity of the natives which manifested itself in sending *him* there for fish. It was thought in Hollis that he came from the Thornton Academy as he wore the coat and cap of a cadet.

Yet it was here that the writer learned all he knows of this gallant game fish. For, during the time he spent at Hollis, there was more than enough time to study their habits, food, and above all, how to catch them. They are in many ways a peculiar fish, sunning themselves for hours if not disturbed. When frightened they are off like lightning, one sweep of their powerful tail sending them many yards, if not rods, up or down the stream. After going about one hundred feet and when they get to a a good place they begin the sunning process over again. They generally go into a bed of reeds and lie about half a foot under water waiting for food and at the same time getting their accustomed sun bath "free gratis for nothing." Their rather odd form often incites mirth and wonder in the minds of people when the fish are first introduced to them. Long, slim, and narrow they are undeniably built for speed, a sort of privateersman to prey on smaller fish than themselves, frogs, and other small inmates of the "deep."

Where, when, and how to catch pickerel? This is the question the writer will try to answer in the following lines. And if he makes any mistakes, he hopes that one of the fishermen of the school, the cadet he spoke of, for instance, will correct him in some future issue of the Tripod.

Where? Let us take them in any water, no matter how muddy looking, and they are always

good eating. But the best water is that of a flowing stream or of a good sized lake. However, pickerel can be caught in almost all mill-ponds, lakes, rivers and brooks where there are frogs and small fish. The young go into the smaller brooks, where they may be often seen while fishing for trout.

When? Any time. They are not so good in spring and summer, however, as in the fall and winter. Some of the best fishermen say to go only in the early morning of an overcast day. But the writer has invariably made his best strings at noon, on days when the sun is about as hot as it ever is here. He doesn't mean to say that they are wrong, for he thinks himself that they are right; but still noon satisfies him very well, or it always has in the past.

How? Almost anyway. They can often be caught by fishing deep, that is, by letting your hook and bait sink to within a foot of the bottom. This way, applies principally to the larger fishes. The largest pickerel the writer ever saw, an eleven pound one, was caught this way in Sebago lake. The best and commonest way is trailing or jerking, which consists in pulling the bait over and through the top of the water in imitation of a frog's swimming. Sometimes a large frog is put on the hook and allowed to swim around, a little way from the shore. In the last case use no sinker. Pickerel are often shot with bows and arrows but this takes months of practice; if you want to shoot them use a rifle. Yet another way is to use a piece of board; creep up to the place where one is sunning himself, hit at him with all your might, and the concussion will stun and often kill him. Always take a boat when you can get one. Pickerel are very gamey fish; and a real sportsman is sure to have a pleasant time out of a day's fishing for them.

—JOHN L. GOODALE, '94.

The readers of this issue of our paper will find in its advertising columns many good pointers as to where good bargains can be obtained. The advertisers are all reliable persons to deal with, and when you call upon them kindly mention THE TRIPOD as your source of information.

The Season of Youth.

Youth has ever been looked upon as the happiest part of human life. It is to this early time that age looks back with regret, thinking of the thousand advantages that are no more.

In youth the world is new. Every object has the commendation of novelty. All things seem to invite us to the indulgences of pleasure.

Youth has not imaginary pleasures only, but also many real advantages which are denied to almost every other stage of life. It is the season for increasing knowledge, for developing the mind, for gaining such accomplishments as may, in the future, be useful to ourselves and agreeable to others.

Since this season of our life is such an opportunity for laying these foundations for riper yea rs, how much should it beprized!

Those who mis-spend their youth by wasting time, and neglecting to cultivate good habits, as they advance in life, will, doubtless, be guilty of the same negligence. '02.

Pods.

One of the Virgil class translated "Non me impia namque Tatara habent;" "I hold the impious Tartar."

We thought we felt a slight shock of earthquake the other day, but have since discovered that Lamb was on the *fa'l (?)*

F. B., '92, when asked to give a definition of geology says "It's the study of pebbles, stones, rocks, minerals, bricks, etc.

Miss M., '92, finds a great deal of difficulty in giving the future of the verb "to be." What a pass Thornton Academy has come to when its *smartest* class acknowledges ignorance!

One of the boys of '92 has invented a new way of wearing the hair. It is brushed in a decidedly upward and backward direction in such a way as to make each individual hair show on that side of the head.

The scene recently witnessed by the book-keeping class is one not soon to be forgotten. As the victims, left the room, weeping, very few of the remainder of the class obeyed the command "Weep with those that weep."

When B., '92, was asked what the figure of speech would be if a school girl should remark "I'm as hungry as a bear," he replied "Hypocrisy."

The third class in Cicero has come to a "pretty pass." Mr. S. had hard work to convince some of its members that "The safety of the allies *are*," etc., was not correct.

Little did the scholars suppose that that article so much in vogue in the wardrobes of most young ladies was hundreds of years old, until one of the Virgil class informed us that "Aeneas so-laced the women."

F. A. L., '91, is very generous and free-hearted. He would not deprive the teachers of the great pleasure of correcting his composition, but has still passed in them, notwithstanding the fact that seniors are excused from this duty during the last term of school.

Some very queer words are heard at the Thornton meetings. One would think the girls needed a dictionary close at hand. Even at the last meeting one of the readers spoke of "poppies." It was remarked that her cheeks quickly changed to the color of those poppies she tried to speak of.

Miss Weymouth and Miss Gilpatric are at present the "gardeners" of the botany class. They are raising a crop of nasturtiums, squashes, morning-glories, beans, sunflowers, peas, and all other like and unlike flowers, fruits and vegetables. They will soon be ready to provide the school with fresh vegetables for lunch. Orders taken at all hours of day or night. Purchases instantly delivered.

Class Parts.

Salutatory,	John R. Deering.
Essay,	Mary E. Foss.
Essay,	Etta B. Hill.
Oration,	Chas. A. Stacy.
Essay,	Esther D. Haley.
Essay,	Ellen K. Chase.
Oration,	Frank L. Winch.
History,	Fred A. Lord.
Prophecy,	Bertha W. Sawyer.
Valedictory,	Alice G. Milliken.
Class Ode,	Ellen K. Chase.

Exchanges.

We have received the first two copies of *The School Record*, Newburyport, Mass. It is, thus far, true to its motto "Excelsior."

The High School Herald, Jersey City, N. J., is at hand with its sixteen pages of wit and wisdom.

The High School Drift, Salamanca, N. Y., presents a very attractive appearance, on both sides, i. e., inside and out.

The Review, Washington City, contains a very interesting article entitled "Girls." We advise the girls to read it and profit by it.

We have received for the first time *The Pomona Student*. Accept our thanks and good wishes.

The April number of *The Lever*, contains two articles of especial merit—Utopias and Dream Faces.

We are glad to add to our exchange list *The High School Tribune*, Syracuse, N. Y. It is one of the best yet.

The Academic Observer, is a bright sheet which we hope to receive regularly.

We welcome this month *The Antiochian*, Yellow Springs, O., with which we are very favorably impressed.

Beside those spoken of we have received *The Oak, Lily and Ivy*, Milford, Mass., *The Berwick Scholar*, So. Berwick, Me., *The Chesborough Chronicle*, North Chili, N.Y., *The Cadet*, Denver, Col., *The Seminary Echo*, Willmar, Minn., *The High School Advance*, Salem, Mass., *The Temple College News*, Philadelphia, Pa., *English High School Enterprise*, Lynn, Mass., *The Student*, Portland, Oregon, *The Hermonite*, Mt. Hermon, Mass., *Plain Talk*, New York, *The High School Times*, New Bedford, Mass., *The Argus*, Detroit, Mich., *The Crescent*, Andover, N. H., *The Academy*, Worcester, Mass., *The Academy Monthly*, Germantown, Pa., *The, Cue* Albany. N. Y., *Res Academicae*, Wilkes-Barre, Penn., *High School Echo*, Manchester, N. H., *The Graphic*, Athol, Mass., *The Tabor Tattler*, Marion, Mass., *The Grove City Collegian*, Grove City, Pa', *The Scholastic*, White River Junction, Vt., *The Phi-*

Gamma, Dubuque, Iowa, *The Premier*, Fall River, Mass., *The Monthly Ohio*, Toledo, Ohio, *The High School Orb*, Minneapolis, Minn., *The Haverhill Student*, Haverhill, N. H., *The High School Herald*, Jersey City, N. J.

They Skipped.

One lovely morn in April,
When the sun was warm and bright,
Two girls were walking up to school.
Said one, "It is not right
For us to stay in school all day,
I'll tell you what let's do,
Let's just go off to Ross's woods
For flowers. What say you?"
"Well, I don't know," the other said
With just a little doubt.
"What do you suppose our teacher'd say,
If he should find it out?"
"We'd have to make up time, I guess,"
She said. "But we don't care."
"Yes," said the other, "'twould be fun,
But I don't hardly dare!
But then, I guess we'd better go."
So off they quick did run,
Prepared to spend in Ross's woods
A whole long day of fun.
They wandered down beside a brook
And found the flowers thick,
And in that warm and pleasant noon
Did six large bunches pick.
When in that April afternoon,
They came back into town
They found their faces very red,
Their hands, O very brown!
And when on Monday morning
They said with accents weak
"Our absence was necessity!"
Their teacher thus did speak;
"O very well, five hours' time
An hour every day!"
They answered meekly, "Yes, sir,"
And then they walked away.
And every night that week
They stayed their hour after school
And watched the clock, each thinking,
"It don't work as a rule
To run away from duty—
There's a penalty to pay."
And so they've learned a lesson
Which they'll profit by, I pray.

—B.

"Old Times in Saco" is the title of neat little volume recently issued by Daniel E. Owen, A. B., one of the instructors at the academy.

Athenian Women.

Perhaps the worst weakness in the Athenian civilization was its ill-treatment of women.

As a rule, those countries whose women are treated best have the best form of government, and are, in all ways, most civilized. It seems very strange that Athens, cultivated and intellectual as it was, should fall so far behind rough, rude Sparta in its treatment of women.

Women's high position in modern days has been ascribed to the influence of christianity, but in the Athenian religion some of the deities were women, so that ought to have raised women as much as any other religion where the deities are all men.

In our colleges, women show as much, if not more, aptitude for study, and take as high degrees as men. The Athenian orators and poets are still taken as models; and if woman, with her short training can do as much as man, trained since the world was created, what might not have been the attainment of a woman of a race as brilliant as the Athenian. The men of Athens sought their companionship among the Hetairae, and that these women were not such as could exert the best influence, is proved by their being admitted to the comedies, while other women were not.

In nearly all things except argument—and in that they are signal failures—women have shown themselves the equals of men, and the suppression of any element in women which works for good cannot be beneficial to a civilization any more than the suppression of a like element in man.

A. —H., '94.

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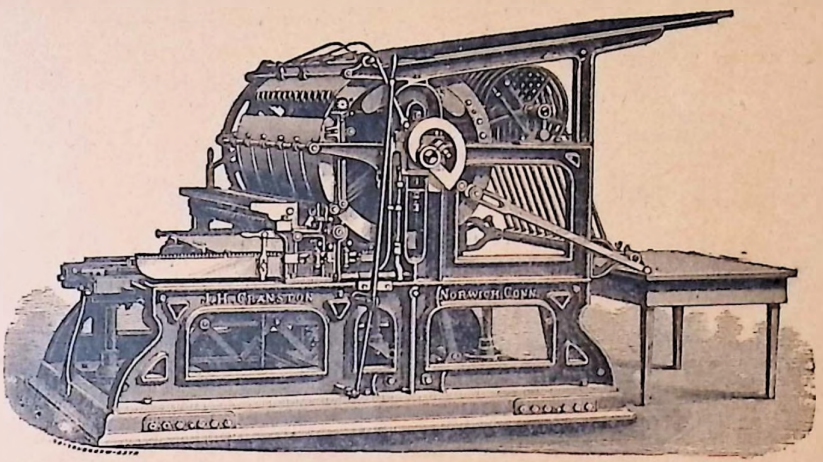

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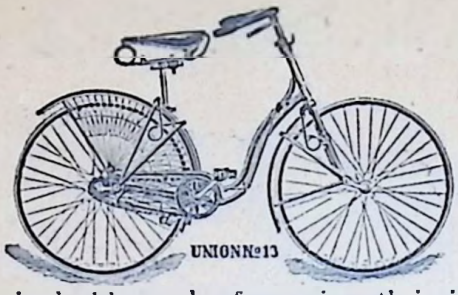

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